

A GRIDIRON ELEGY.

Now comes the megaphoneless hour of day—
The hoarse-voiced crowd begins to twenty-three;
The rooters homeward plod their weary way,
And leave the field to doctors and to me.

In yonder ambulance, that rumbles o'er the hill,
Full many a senseless giant, bleeding lay;
And to the hospital went battered Tom and Bill,
To count the many bruises of the day.
For them no more the umpire's whistle calls,
No more the megaphones will bid them kill;
No more they'll have those thrilling dives and falls,
That have their sequel in the doctor's bill.

Perhaps to this neglected ground there creeps
Some chap who last year played the game;
He takes one look—ah, how the poor chap weeps—
Across the field where he lost gore and fame.

Full many a star of purest ray serene
The white beds of yon hospital now bear;
Full many a player's born to groan unseen

And waste much arnica—likewise much swear,
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble cheers
Hereafter they will limp their way along,
And play high-five, or shake the dice for beers—
Or stick to that most quiet game—ping-pong.
—Denver Republican.

"SKIDOO," BRIDGE—"SKAT," THE GAME NOW

Skat is a German game which is threatening to take the place of bridge, it being credited by many authorities as being a more interesting

and fascinating game. Here is what R. F. Foster, author of many books on card games, has to say about it:

"The game is full of the most delightful surprises, which are a refreshing change from the deadly monotony of the invincible hands which one continually sees at the bridge table. The difference between the expressions on the faces of those at a bridge table is alone sufficient to convince any unprejudiced spectator that bridge is getting on the nerves of its devotees, while the skat players are thoroughly enjoying themselves. It is a jolly game, with lots of life and excitement in it, and no one who has ever played it long enough to understand it thoroughly was ever known to give it up for any other game."

AN ECHO OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

On April 11, 1900, the Philadelphia North American sent to President Paul Kruger in South Africa a message from the school children of Philadelphia and a scrap book of kindly expressions from the American papers. It will be remembered that an A. D. T. messenger was called from the stage of the Academy of Music and Messenger 1534, James F. Smith, a boy of seventeen years of age, responded. He was told to take the roll of signatures of the school children and the book of clippings and deliver same to President Kruger.

He reached Pretoria the day the South African troops evacuated and was barely able to make the presentation before President Kruger was hurried away to escape the British troops.

The album of clippings was too bulky to carry in the hurried leaving, but the message from the children was taken with him.

Charles F. Phillips, a globe trotting newspaper

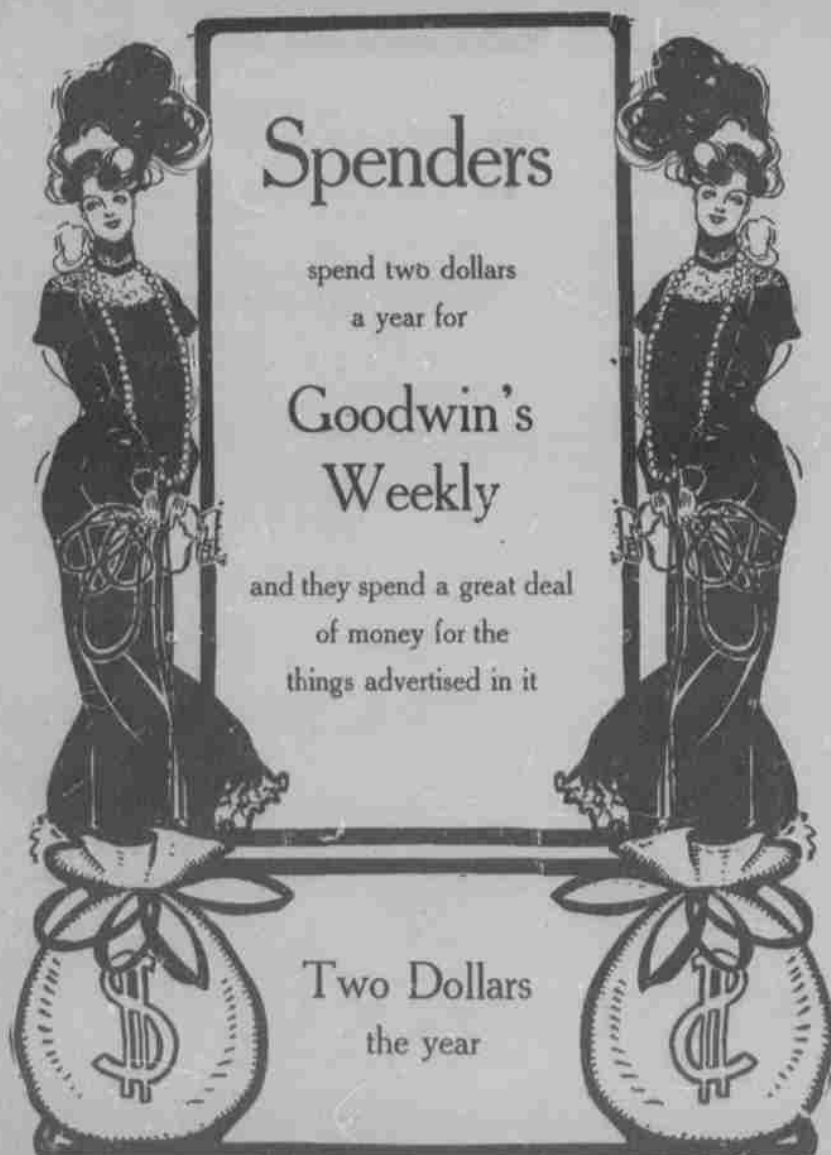
man has just returned from a trip around the world and reports seeing the album on exhibition in Johannesburg. Mr. Phillips saw the book when on exhibition in Philadelphia and knew the maker, Mr. Frank A. Burrelle, who conducts a press clipping bureau in New York, so inquired as to present ownership and future destination and was surprised to learn that the British Museum was negotiating for its purchase and that the present possessor felt he should receive at least one thousand pounds sterling for this unique souvenir of American enterprise.

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